Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his native reſidence!
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſty,
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy unreverent ſhoulders.

Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
(Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickeneſſe that I haue,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Live in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words hereafter, thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*

Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haye,
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

Yor. I doe beſeech your Maieſty impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deare
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herefords* love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſty.

Rich. What ſayes he?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſayd:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument.
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

Yor.

Yor. Be Yorke the next, that mu
Though death be poore, it ends a
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals, a
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage
So much for that. Now for our I
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough ru
Which live like venom, where no
But onely they have privelledge t
And for theſe great affaires do ask
Towards our aſſiſtance, we doe
The plate, coyne, and revennews,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſta
Yor. How long ſhall I be patien
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer
Not *Gloſters* death, nor *Herefords*
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor Englands
Nor the prevention of poore *Bull*
About his marriage, nor my owne
Have ever made me ſowre my pati
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſoverai
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſon
Of whom thy father Prince of Wal
In warres was never Lyon rag'd m
In peace, was never gentle Lambe
Then was that young and Princely
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look
Accompliſh'd with the number of t
But when he frown'd, it was againſ
And not againſt his friends: his no
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſp
Which his triumphant fathers han
His hands were guilty of no kindr
But bloody with the enemies of h
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone
Or elſe he never would compare be
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if